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writing to Ingersoll that he cared "nothing about the election." Then came Clayton's motion for another inquiry, and matters were delayed. Biddle was advised to withdraw the application for a time, pending the fall elections, but he felt that he had gone too far, and refused. The result was the veto; and up to this point Clay is given but little prominence. After the veto Biddle threw prudence to the winds. Contraction was deliberately adopted as a club to break Jackson. The Biddle letter-books are especially instructive for this period:

"My own course is decided . . . all the other Banks and all the merchants may break, but the Bank of the United States shall not break. I have asked Com. Biddle what is the least sail under which a man of war can lie to in a gale of wind, and he says a close reefed main topsail. So our squadron will all be put under close reefed main topsails and ride out the gale for the next two years. As for those who have no sea room and breakers under their lee, they must rely on Providence or Amos Kendall" (p. 331).

Letters of this style make interesting reading; only one more can be quoted: "This worthy President thinks that because he has scalped Indians and imprisoned Judges, he is to have his way with the Bank. He is mistaken" (p. 339).

The charges against the bank are thoroughly discussed. As a national bank, "the Bank never spent a dollar corruptly." The branches, however, engaged in intrigue; the bank lobbied in its own interests; it granted questionable indulgences to Congressmen, and spent altogether too much for printing.

The author makes an exhaustive review of the various services which the bank rendered to the commercial and fiscal economy of the country, and concludes that it was a serious error not to grant a recharter. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this judgment with the long and detailed narrative of the mistakes which the bank made in its checkered career. For the moment the author appears to lose sight of the clue which guides him so skilfully in disentangling the contradictions of the struggle between 1829 and 1834, that is, the attitude of social democracy. The bank may have proved of service from a monetary and fiscal point of view, but does not the evidence spread on page after page show that the country, politically and socially, was not yet prepared for this service? The commercial machinery of a country must be in harmony with its spirit; otherwise even the best of machinery will go wrong, and this is the lesson which it seems to me is most impressively set forth in Mr. Catterall's painstaking analysis.

DAVIS R. DEWEY.

Personal Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck. By SIDNEY WHITMAN. (New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1903. Pp. x, 346.)

No one could have done such a work better than Mr. Whitman, who knows his Germany at first hand, and who moreover approaches his

hero in the proper spirit — that of worship. In eighteen chapters Mr. Whitman embodies about a dozen visits to the great chancellor at his different country-seats, Warzin, Schoenhausen, Friedrichsruhe; and on each occasion he draws much talk from his host, which he carefully notes and arranges with admirable comment and literary skill. We have to take the author's point of view in order to justify this book. In the preface he subscribes to the opinion that nothing that Bismarck could say would be too trivial, and that no Boswell could be too attentive when such a Johnson was speaking. For those who feel in this wise — and there are many in Germany — the book is priceless. It is made for the uncritical admirer of Germany's great statesman.

Yet for his own fame this book, and others such, have done little. We read through the 346 pages with interest, but the effect produced is opposite to the one intended by the author. Bismarck in the minds of millions has been placed upon a lofty pedestal along with Luther and Charles the Great beyond criticism. About such heroes legends should cluster. They should be canonised in our minds — looked upon as sinless and infallible, if they are to remain heroes. The genuine Bismarck worshiper must resent having his idol discussed, interviewed, and exposed to such an extent that he appears not merely mortal, but a very moderate mortal at that.

Mr. Whitman introduces us to Bismarck after his dismissal by the Emperor in 1890, and we have glimpses of him until his death in 1899. A great variety of opinions is expressed, but none that sustains the chancellor's reputation for epigram or profundity. When I closed the book it was under the impression that I had been with an influence that was made up largely of suspicion and hatred. Bismarck shows in these pages a morbid sensitiveness regarding what the press is saying of him; he refers to his own Germans with contempt; there is a strange absence of generous feeling towards other nations; and most extraordinary is his dislike of Gladstone and the English. Mr. Whitman seeks to explain this by the fact that his trusted secretary Lothar Bucher, who had fled to England after the revolution of 1848, was very bitter against the land that had given him shelter, and that Bucher had poisoned Bismarck's mind. There is more than this behind the hatred of England which rose to fever-heat during the Boer war. The old Emperor William never learned to speak English, though he too had to take refuge on the Thames after the revolution on the Spree. He had also visited Queen Victoria in 1844. But England made no more impression upon him than upon Bucher or Bismarck. A great statesman would have been above such personal hatred — above the vulgar sentiments of the masses.

The absence of the chivalrous in Bismarck is frequently brought to light, notably in his treatment of the present Emperor's mother. If Bismarck took a personal dislike to any one, then no means were too ignoble if they served his purpose of destroying that person's influence. There are many instances of this; but when he applied these tactics to a woman — and that woman the mother of his Emperor — he found out

his limitations. The Emperor William II. is eminently a gentleman — a man of his word — a man of courage — a fair-minded man. He has plenty of other faults, but pettiness is not amongst them. He saw through the pettiness of Bismarck, and hence the dismissal which at the time seemed to portend calamity to the Empire.

Mr. Whitman gives us no anecdotes of importance nor any sayings that we care to look up a second time. He obviously deprecates his hero's dislike for England and extenuates it as well as he can. Mr. Whitman touches upon a visit paid to Bismarck by Herbert Gladstone, and criticizes this as being contrary to etiquette — that he first should have inquired "Whether their visit would be agreeable"! Mr. Whitman hereupon thinks it was quite proper that "In every case when Mr. Gladstone's son . . . called at Friedrichsruhe they found the Lord of the Manor 'not at home'"! This is perhaps the best example of the meanness of spirit to which I have referred; and if there is anything more strange than the pettiness of a great Bismarck it is to read the effort made by Mr. Whitman to gloss it over.

I happened to be in Hamburg when Mr. Gladstone was there; it was in 1895, when I was the guest of the German Emperor at the festivities connected with the opening of the great Baltic Canal to Kiel. All the guests were immensely driven by a multiplicity of social and official engagements, and I recall marveling at the time at the energy and magnanimity that impelled Mr. Herbert Gladstone to carry his father's card to the front door of a Bismarck. Mr. Gladstone was six years the senior of Bismarck; he too was a retired prime minister; he had held the helm of a ship representing interests vastly more complex and extensive than any with which Bismarck had had to deal; and nothing seemed more proper than that on arriving in his yacht at the German port nearest to the home of the German statesman he should in the usual manner make his arrival known. He did so, and gave Bismarck one more opportunity of exposing the peculiar quality which made it imperative that the German Emperor dismiss him in 1890.

Mr. Whitman has ideas upon etiquette that I cannot hold; they are certainly not those of the German Emperor. And moreover etiquette was made for small men, not for statesmen out of office. The plain duty of a gentleman was for the master of Friedrichsruhe to acknowledge Mr. Gladstone's card at the earliest opportunity, to ask him to his house or, in case he did not wish to see him, to say so in suitable language.

The hate of Bismarck against England is only matched by his strange fondness for the Russian — again a counterpart of the feelings of his great master William I. Analyze this psychologically and you will trace it to our disposition to think well of those who flatter us or serve us, to resent the independence of people who are free in their manners and opinions. Bismarck loved his docile peasantry of Wendish or Slav extraction; but he did not admire the Magyar, who is the embodiment of warlike independence. Bismarck maintained his antagonism to the Socialists to the very end in spite of the fact that the more he enforced

harsh police measures, the more did the Socialist party wax. Of the noble and gallant soldier Caprivi, who obeyed his Emperor by succeeding Bismarck as prime minister, he says, "but now I see he is only a talker!"

The book is an important contribution to history. It reveals to us the true Bismarck; it explains to some extent why nearly all the domestic and foreign measures connected with his name have been failures after the moment of consolidating the Empire. The truth is here suggested, if not fully spread forth: that Bismarck was not a great character, that he was not built on broad, generous lines, that he could not lift himself above the poisonous mists of personal likes and dislikes. This truth Mr. Whitman's book admirably if unwittingly expresses; and it is the more valuable by reason of the fact that it is intended for those who hold Bismarck so high that nothing from his lips can prove uninteresting.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Queen Victoria — a Biography. By SIDNEY LEE. (New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903. Pp. xxxiii, 611.)

THE word "provisional," which might be stamped across the title-page of most historical works, deserves to be stamped in particularly large type across the title-page of any biography that deals in these days with the career and character of Queen Victoria. There is, of course, no dearth of authentic material. The difficulties which present themselves to a writer like Mr. Lee are those of nearness and of loyalty. To appreciate the character of the problem we must remember that the phenomenon is unique in both political and personal history. For over sixty years the crown has steadily lost in power and steadily gained in influence. The loss of power must be ascribed to general causes, but that the advance of prestige is due to the Queen's popularity may be seen by a backward glance at the reigns of her uncles. The familiar lines which her laureate applied to her husband are equally true in their application to herself. She wore "the white flower of a blameless life, . . . In that fierce light which beats upon a throne And blackens every blot." Or, as another poet has it, she proved that "even in a palace life may be well led," thus gaining a place among that rare class of rulers which includes Marcus Aurelius, King Alfred, and St. Louis.

At the same time the Queen was very human and she lived in the age of photography. Here Mr. Lee's difficulties begin to be pressing. As an Englishman he shares in the national reverence. As a biographer trained in the severe methods of the *National Dictionary* he is bound to exalt impartiality and to shun mere adulation. The chief praise of this book is that he approached his trying task in the proper spirit. Memoir writers of the court and of St. Stephen's have gossiped about the Queen with all the volubility of the nineteenth century. Mr. Lee sifts the chit-chat with a double purpose. He is just but he is also sympathetic, paying fit consideration, he says, "to the public and to the private